

A Poem

By Annaliese Hoyle

Those granite stones of peoples' lives-
my face a matching set.
They lowered you in the ground-
A final place of rest.
I stood observing,
standing there-
Lifeless like yourself-
Of flesh and bones we two are one,
but I hold fast to breath.
If I could give you mine
or you could take away,
to set immortal precedence,
or I shall too, decay.